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pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

He's Coming Home, Praise the Lord.

"Praise the Lord, God is Love and Noth-
ing Else."

FUTTERGURH, INDIA, Dec. 22nd, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

I wish I could tell, as I desire, how all this misery has been banished from my life by simply learning that God is what He has declared himself to be—Love and Nothing else. "Light and no darkness at all," Mercy—from everlasting to everlasting—"The God of all grace" (not some)—"of all consolation" (not a little);—summing up all in that magnificent description, beyond which words may not carry us further—"the God and Father of our LORD Jesus Christ—the Blessed one who 'always went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the devil'—provided they would only put their case in His dear hands. And all will learn this sooner or later. Only 'ages of ages' will roll away, before some take it in—just because they would not learn it over the 'way of pleasantness and the paths of peace.' "Dear Lord"—I say with all my heart—"Teach me Thy way," and let me never "come into judgment." Alas for those who will not "come unto Him that they may have life." What can be left, save the lesson learned through death—bitter and remorseless—even the "second death." May all I love escape it. It is the "wrath to come" and as certain as the "New Jerusalem" that comes down from God out of heaven. How patiently, tenderly, the Lord is trying to save all from the rough road. I have made up my mind that He shall save me. I, only, can decide that point. "My heart is fixed," to let him have "His way." Dear reader, join me in this heart decision as you read these lines and meet me "in the glory," with that "church of the first born, whose names were written in heaven," and who shall be "counted worthy to escape the things that are coming upon the earth, and to stand, 'unscathed and triumphant, before the Son of Man.' O, if I could but impress you with the fact that He is "near, even at the door!"

We generally go out to "early communion service" on Sunday morning. Very few attend it—because they don't know what they miss by neglecting it, dear souls. More and more I see the breaking of bread is intimately connected with body as well as soul—health, as set forth somewhat at length in a previous letter. And last Sunday, as I saw the local minister, at the "altar," in his pure "white linen" vestments, going through several movements counted "popish" by the "low church" party; my faith bounded lightly over "high" and "low"—"ritual" and "evangelical"—even back to the grand Israelitish ordinances, of which these are but the changing fashion; and then the "high church" chaplain of the little Fettergurb Station, was a "Levite" of the God ordained order, that was never to lack a man to minister before the LORD acceptably—if Jer. 33 be true—and my whole soul went out in gratitude to God that, at last, I had found the church,

"I long had sought
And mourned because I found it not."
And it becomes a joy no tongue can tell, to receive the consecrated "elements" at his hand—albeit a blind "minister of the sanctuary, which the LORD pitched and not man." And indeed the most pathetic feature of it all is, that these dear ministers of the "true church" really haven't an idea of the fullness of their calling. What an added glory to a true "gospel ministry" is it, that its pedigree can be traced, not simply to the apostles, but to the prophets, and back through the "church in the wilderness" to "Abraham our Father, as pertaining to the flesh," as well as the spirit! These vestments are not Popish, nor Romanish in their main features. You will find them in the Bible before Rome began. Even "church historians" have noticed that "early christian worship" was "an adaption of the synagogue service." Of course it was. What else could it be, unless the LORD had changed His mind and deposed Israel from a place sacred forever, by oath and promise? This can never be. How everything brightens before my eyes, now, in the light of Anglo-Israel truth. My little book was even better named than I thought at first. "Eureka"—"I have found." Praise the dear LORD for all.

"I have just been 'electrified' by an announcement in the Chicago Interior of a most unexpected ally on the church question, hailing from 'no less sacred a place than Princeton—seat of orthodoxy and science—and from no less a personage than a professor in its ancient college. It is too good to mangle, and I must quote it verbatim:

"Professor Shields, of Princeton, has a remarkable article in the last number of the 'Century Magazine,' on denominational unity. After setting forth the difficulties

which tend to divisiveness, and those which make for unity, he concludes that the true bond and symbol of Union will be the CHURCH OF ENGLAND PRAYER BOOK! Allow me the luxury of 'small caps,' good Walton, in printing this. They are mine, though the exclamation point comes from the 'Italic' man, who didn't like the suggestion a bit and kicks accordingly.

Bro. Bogle will remember his old classmate and friend "Charley" Shields—now a "great man and honorable" in the seat of Orthodoxy. I too have a grateful recollection of him for his kind offer of his pulpit in Philadelphia (he was then a pastor there) where I preached a sermon in 1854, on my way to India, and was treated most considerately by him—unflinching exhorter as I was. I think more than ever of him now. His words are words of far more "truth and soberness," than he now dreams of. But they are startling—even to me—coming from the quarter whence they emanate. Praise the LORD for this "first gun from Sumpter." It is a mere question of time, my brethren. This apparently random suggestion shall be the consummated fact of the millennium. Because God promised it to Abraham 4,000 years ago, and "He is not a man that he should repent." Meanwhile "score 1" for Princeton. I little dreamed of such an ally in my adherence to the "Church of England" *Crest Judaicus*.

I to day received a letter from a gentleman in Croydon, Surrey, England, telling me that he had just read "Eureka," and was impelled, by the similarity of our cases, to write me a few lines. His family were among the "Plymouth Brethren" and he, himself, had been with them, until the discovery that England and Israel were identical. Then he was driven, logically—as I was—to the conclusion that the "Church of England" was the true church. Whereupon he left the "Brethren" and was added to the "Church" greatly to his subsequent happiness. I was not a little rejoiced in getting this testimony of the "spirit's" self same work in minds and hearts sundered by the planet's diameter. I did not need confirmation, however, for I am thankful to say that I have never wavered for a moment since taking the step; and no harassing doubt has been permitted to intrude, to disturb the serenity of my happiness in the new relationship. Ever in Jesus
GEO. O. BARNES.

A TYPICAL CASE—I met a matron at a reception the other day and she said: "I'm almost afraid to be seen talking to you lest somebody should think I was coaxing you to describe my dream! It is new, you know; I got it in Paris last summer and have not worn it in Washington before, but you won't say anything about it in your paper, will you. I'm so averse to seeing my name in print. There was a horrid lady reporter here some time ago and she asked me some impertinent questions. I had to answer her politely you know; one can't afford to be rude to such people, but I am afraid she will go off and publish something about me."

A few minutes later I met this horrid lady reporter and she said: "I saw you talking to Mrs. So and so. Is not she perfectly killing! She took me over in a corner and gave me a description of her dress, all written out in her own hand and folded up into the tiniest package. She had been carrying it in her glove and I suppose I am the first one she was about to give it to."

—[Washington Letter to N. Y. Tribune.]
A SWEET KISS AT THE GATE—It was a fearful struggle. At last he saw a chance and aimed at her rosy lips, but she bobbed her head and the kiss fell lifeless on the bridge of her nose. But the villain still pursued her. He seized her in a vice-like grip and pinioned her head fast against his stalwart breast, and while the shimmering moonbeams cast their silvery glances at the graceful acreage of her upturned face he implanted a lingering kiss upon her luscious lips, which sounded like a cow pulling her hind foot out of a mud hole, but which was a big sight sweeter than the juice that lurks in the bottom of a pan of baked apples.—[Louisville Argus.]

Kansas law compels that a convicted and sentenced murderer can not be hanged without special warrant by the Governor. Consequently there are now fifty-one condemned murderers in the Kansas penitentiary, some of whom have been under sentence awaiting execution for several years. Meanwhile a casual tourist remarks that "Kansas is dotted with trees from which have swung the bodies of men hanged by infuriated citizens without trial and without clergymen."

The Sun says: "In the beauty of its women, Kentucky is ahead of all." This is a strange statement for a devoted New Yorker to make—one who daily looks upon the unending ebb and flow of feminine style and beauty in the metropolis.—[Albany Times. Not strange at all, because it is true. Probably the Times has never been in the blue grass country. What a land and what ladies.—[N. Y. Sun.]

A fireman, employed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, whose capacity for drinking enormous quantities of cold water made him famous along the line, has died after a short illness, ascribed to his inordinate absorption. It is said that he often drank a two-quart pitcher without taking the vessel from his lips, and he had been known to drink as much as eight gallons of water in one day.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY

—About a dozen commercial evangelists were snowed up in Danville Wednesday.

—On the 30th ult., J. T. Mock and D. T. Fackler qualified as Notaries Public for Boyle county.

—Mrs. Moore, wife of Simeon D. Moore, of this county, died Saturday night. She had for a long time been in feeble health.

—Messrs. W. M. Rue and Mark Wakefield sold last week to Col. R. S. Broadhead, of Atlanta, a fine pair of brown geldings for \$750.

—Postmaster Marra has been confined to his home for a week past by illness. Mr. Augustus Rogers is a new clerk in the postoffice.

—D. N. Hisman, as trustee of M. C. Thurmond, sold at public auction twelve buggies and barouches, the proceeds amounting to \$1,200.

—There are six prisoners in the county jail. Three charged with murder, one with mayhem, one with grand larceny and one with house breaking.

—It is said that Mr. T. M. Gibbons has invented a link supporter for freight cars that is a little bit better than anything yet offered to an indulgent public.

—A very enthusiastic revival meeting is in progress at the colored Methodist church. Rev. Mr. Modicue, of Taylor county, leads the services. About 35 additions thus far.

—The oldest inhabitant comes to the front and says he never saw such a fall of snow as that of Tuesday and Tuesday night. Wednesday morning the snow was 18 inches deep, honest measurement.

—It is said that Dr. Martin of the Presbyterian church will begin a protracted meeting as soon as the weather moderates sufficiently to enable ladies to get out. The two auction rooms are crowded daily with ladies who say they "never saw such bargains."

—It has now been ascertained that Rev. R. A. Johnstone, who fell on the icy pavement last Sunday, sustained what surgeons call an impacted fracture of the hip joint. Under the most favorable circumstances he may expect to be confined to his bed for at least three months.

—D. H. Carpenter & Co., of Mt. Sterling, had hardly got their monster auction under way at Dr. Cowan's store room, opposite the Clemens House, when Robertson & Kinsaid and Welsh & Wiseman "ups" and inaugurates one in Richardson's late store room across from Gilcher's. The ladies are out in force "and O! such bargains" were never before heard of.

—Mr. P. A. Marks entertained a number of his friends by vocal and instrumental music and a "possum supper." The banquet room was tastefully decorated with amilax, calla lilies and roses from Ispahan. Mr. Marks received his guests in the costume of a Mikado with a high caste Brahman holding an umbrella over him. The air was heavy with perfumes from Araby the blest, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

—Mr. John Conn and Miss Mary Connolly, of Garrard county, came here Friday night on matrimony bent. Mr. Conn, it is understood, was acting for his brother, Mike Conn. It was 12 o'clock when they arrived and as soon as they could get a conveyance they started for Lexington. About an hour after they started the young lady's father arrived in hot pursuit and learning which way they went still followed them, but gave up the chase and the lovers were quiet for life.

The Natural Bridge, which is situated in Rockbridge county, Va., 115 miles west of Richmond, is formed by an immense limestone stratum fashioned into an arch 215 feet high. The bridge spans a deep chasm, through which a small stream flows. It is 93 feet long, and the thickness of the crown of the arch is about 40 feet. The average width of the arch is 80 feet. A roadway passes across it, and from this there is a fine view of the Blue Ridge mountains, as well as of the deep chasm where the forest trees tower up from below.

In the last number of the *North American Review* Gen. Besuregard completes his article on the Shiloh Campaign. He insists that the Federal Army was taken completely by surprise on the morning of the 9th of April. His reason for thinking so is briefly given: "When the first encampments were taken many were yet lying in bed; bread was being baked and was taken hot from the ovens by our men."

Lynchburg, Va., has added to her flourishing tobacco industries the new one of cigarette making, which now employs many additional hands, chiefly young women. The tobacco grown in that region during the past season was of an unusually fine quality, and the fall business was unexpectedly good.

Positive Cure for Piles.
To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.
We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Nervousness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchal, Paris, N. Y., for pamphlet, free.

FLOOD GATES OPENED!

A BLAZING

BROADSIDE OF BARGAINS!

—We have invoiced and find that—

WE ARE OVER-STOCKED!

—We have twice too many goods, but—

LOW PRICES!

—Will make—

STACKS OF THEM GO WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

—We have done—

A Tremendous Trade,

But the backward season has prevented a great many from buying. The season is advancing and we will wait no longer, but will at once

Put the Prices so Low as to Make the Goods Move Out at Once!

COST NOT FOR A MOMENT CONSIDERED.

When it is necessary to lose money we have the nerve to do it. The few figures given below tell the story with a silent logic more potent than words.

'CASH ALWAYS; CREDIT NEVER.'

From 20 to 25 yards best Calico, \$1. Stacks of new and elegant Brocade Dress Goods at 6c per yard, sixteen yards for \$1. Thousands of yards of 20 cent Worsted Dress Goods will be murdered at the uniform price of 10c per yard. Bed Comforts, former price, \$1 25, now 90c; they are bulky and we want them out of the way. White Bed Spreads at surprisingly low prices.

Table Damasks in all grades, cheap. Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose, worth 60c, now go for 35c. Cotton and Woolen Underwear for Ladies and Gents marked down to a shadow of a price. Good Undershirts for 25c. Red Flannel Undershirts, former price \$1, now 62c.

WE ARE IN EARNEST,

—And intend to Slaughter our—

SPLENDID STOCK

In a way that will not soon be forgotten.

Come Early and Tell your Friends what a Harvest of Real Bargains it is.

The same rate of cutting is applied to every pair of Boots and Shoes in the House. Ladies' and Misses' Rubber Circulars cut down from \$1 75 to 75c. Children's Wool Hoods, former price 40c, now go for 20c. Men's Knit Jackets, former price \$1, now 75c. Child's Knit Socks, former price 30c to 75c, now 20c to 40c.

OVERCOATS, CLOTHING & CLOAKS.

Prices wrecked as they have never been wrecked before.

PROFIT THROWN TO THE WIND.

WE ARE GOING TO SELL THESE GOODS.

Men's Overcoats, \$1 60, former price, \$3 50;	Men's Overcoats, \$2 25, former price, \$4 00.
Men's Overcoats, 4 25, former price, \$6 00;	Men's Overcoats, 6 00, former price, 10 00.
Men's Overcoats, 10 50, former price, 15 00;	Men's Suits, 3 75, former price, 6 00.
Men's Suits, 5 00, former price, 8 00;	Men's Suits, 8 00, former price, 12 00.

Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, 75c, former price, \$1 25. Ladies' Cloaks, \$2 25, former price \$4. Ladies' Cloaks \$3 50, former price, \$5. Ladies' Fur-Lined Circulars, \$8, former price \$15.

Our fiscal year is drawing to a close and we intend making a clean sweep of all Winter goods. You should bring \$5 and a wheel barrow, or \$10 and a cart, and load up at once or you will forever wish you had.

THE GREAT BARGAIN STORE,

Leaders and Promoters of Low Prices for all the People.

S. L. POWERS & CO., Stanford.